

12

THE
L O N D O N
S P Y.

For the *Month of October*, 1699.

PART XII.

By the Author of the Trip to JAMAICA.



L O N D O N,
Printed and Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard in
Fanchurch-street, 1699.

Books Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard in Fanchurch-Street; J. Weld, at the Crown between the Temple-Gates in Fleet-street; and Mrs. Fabian, at Mercers-Chappel in Cheap-side.

1. **Ot's Paradise: Or the Humours of a Derby-Ale-House:** With a Satyr upon the Ale. Price Six Pence.

2. **A Trip to Jamaica:** With a True Character of the People and Island. Price Six Pence.

3. **Eclesia & Faëlio.** A Dialogue between *Bow-Steeple-Dragon*, and the *Exchange-Grasshopper*. Price Six Pence.

4. **The Poet's Ramble after Riches.** With Reflections upon a Country Corporation. Also the Author's Lamentation in the time of Adversity. Price Six Pence.

5. **The London Spy,** the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Parts. To be Continued Monthly. Price Six Pence Each.

6. **A Trip to New-England.** With a Character of the Country and People, both English and Indians. Price Six Pence.

7. **Modern Religion and Ancient Loyalty:** A Dialogue. Price Six Pence.

8. **The World Bewitch'd.** A Dialogue between Two Astrologers and the Author. With Infallible Predictions of what will happen in this Present Year, 1699. From the *Vices* and *Villanies* Practis'd in Court, City and Country. Price Six Pence.

9. **A Walk to Islington:** With a Description of New Tunbridge-VVells, and Sadler's Musick-House. Price Six Pence.

10. **The Humours of a Coffee-House:** A Comedy. Price Six Pence.

11. **A Frolick to Horn-Fair.** With a Walk from Cuckold's-Point thro' *Depiford* and *Greenwich*. Price Six-Pence.



All Written by the same Author.

THE L O N D O N S P Y.



Having heard of a fam'd *Coffee-house* in *Aldersgate-street*, where *Doctors* of the Body, who study *Machiavel* much more than *Hippocrates*, Metamorphose themselves into State Politicians; and the slippery Tongue, of thoughtless *Mechanicks*, undertake to Expound the Mysteries of Scripture, by the Power of Grace without Learning; We were willing to refresh our Intellects with their improving Discourses; in which, tho' we had but little expectancy of discovering much of the *Innocency of the Dove*, yet we had some hopes of Inspecting a little further into the *Subtlety of the Serpent*. Thither accordingly we steer'd our Course, and enter'd the Ancient Fabrick, by Antiquity made Venerable, whose Inside was lin'd with as great a Number of *Geneva* Christians, as if they were met to Sign some Canting Address, to Cheat the Government into a good Opinion of their Loyalty, whose Zeal to the *Good old Cause* was so Legible in their Looks, as if they had Contracted their Faces into Lines and Shrivels by looking awry upon *Monarchy*. Some were very highly extolling the *Dutch* Government; setting forth the *Freedom* and *Prosperity* of all such People who flourish under the happy Constitution of a *Common-Wealth*. Others Commending the Conduct of all Affairs under the Protector-ship of *Cromwell*; and how far the Felicity of the Nation, in those Days, Exceeded the Present Happiness of the Kingdom, so much Boasted on by the Blind Lovers of *Kingly-Power* and *Episcopacy*. At last up starts a bundle of Verbosity, who I had seen often at a *Coffee-house* near the *Court of Requests*, tho' never here before, to my Remembrance, notwithstanding I have gone frequently to the House. He is not Tall enough to be a Compleat *Man*, nor Short enough to be a *Monkey*, having more Mercury in his Head, than there is in a Weather-Glass. His Tongue began to flutter about his Mouth, like a wild Bird trappan'd into a Cage; spitting out as much Venom against *Monarchy*, as ever was Spew'd up after a full *Stomach* at a *Calves-Head-Feast*. His Voice is as untunable when he Speaks, as the Screaking of a Countrey Sign in a high Wind; that were a Blind-Man to hear him Talk, he might easily mistake the sound to be the Whining of some Puppy that wants the Dug in his Dams Absence. He has one Rhetorical Excellency, which becomes him wonderfully, He will assert a Falsity to be Truth, with as Graceful an Impudence, as
ever

ever the *Salamanca*-Saviour of our Lives and Liberties did, when he affirm'd Don *John* of *Austria* to be a Tall Black Man, who was quite opposite to the Description. He is one who will never own himself in the Wrong, and yet is never in the Right; but takes as much Pleasure in the Justification of a *Lye*, as if he was Cut out by Nature to be a Plot-Evidence. What commonly he Reports is as distinguishable from Truth, as Copper is from Gold: Yet nothing does he bear with more Impatience than Contradiction. He has got the Secret History of King *Charles* and King *James*; also *Imago Regis*, and some other Fam'd Pieces of the Doctor's Scurrility, by Heart; and has acquir'd from thence, as rare a Knack of railing against Kings, Justifying the Martyrdom of King *Charles*, and Blackening the Race of the *Stewarts*, as if he was at first a *Maggot* bred in one of *Shaftsbury's* T--ds, and afterwards became a *Wasp* with a Natural Propensity to *Sting* and *Wound* the Memory of so Unfortunate a Family. I thought it so Ungrateful to any Charitable Ear, to hear a Rattle-Headed *Prattle-Box* set up to Reform the Church, New Model the Government, and Calumniate the Best of Princes, that I no longer could forbear giving him such a Reproof, as I thought so vain a Babler did in Justice deserve. Which he so highly resented, that he grew as hot as a Botchers Goose, to press down the Nitty Seams of an Old Dublet; that I fear'd he would have burst out into such an Ungovernable Flame, which nothing would have quench'd but a Good Cudgel. My Friend and I, gave him no time to Cool, but still fed his Passion with a supply of sharp Reflections on his past Talk, till we had spur'd him at last to such a Pitch of Madness, that he boild up into such a Ridiculous Froth, as render'd him a Laughing Stock to the whole Company; boasting, what Interest he had in the *Parliament-House*, and how many *Ay's* or *No's*, were ready to serve him upon all just Occasions. We found our selves Obligated to Prosecute our Undertaking, to the utmost, for we had reason to believe, if we had laid down the Scourge, he would have taken it up, and have us'd it against us, with much less Modesty, and more Barbarity: So that being once engag'd, we were forc'd in our own Defence, to pursue the Battle to a Compleat Victory, which with much difficulty we obtain'd, that he leap'd up from his Seat, and ran away; Branding us as he went out, with the Name of *Papists*, for no other Cause, but that we would not suffer him to rail without Reason, Talk Nonsense, without Reproof, and tire the Ears of the whole Company, with nothing but Malicious Invectives, against the Pious Martyr, and his Sons whose Names are too Sacred, as being Princes, for the Utterance of so Vile a Tongue.

As soon as he was gone, I was Desirous of knowing what this Carcass-ful of Spleen, Ignorance, and Ill-Nature could be; and to satisfy my Curiosity, I enquir'd of a Gentlemen that sat next me, who I discover'd by his Talk had some Knowledge of him, and he told me, the chief of his Business was to sell Pictures by *Auction*. Nay, says my Friend, if he be an *Auctioneer*, he's the more Excusable; for Cozening and Lying, are the two most Necessary Talents of his Profession; and I'll warrant you, he puts 'em both in Practice, as often as he has Opportunity, because he would not willingly Lose 'em, for want of Using.

*Ljars their Odious Talents often Show,
That they by Practice more expert may Grow:
So Knaves and Needles, on this Point agree,
The more they're us'd, the Sharper still they be.*

As my Friend and I, were reflecting between our selves, upon some of the Insolent Expressions of our Shatter-brain'd Runegado, a Merry Pleasant-Look'd Gentleman step'd into the Coffee-house, sits down, and whilst he was filling a Pipe of Tobacco, Entertain'd the Company with this following Intelligence, of a remarkable Breakfast provided by a Generous Vintner, on Tuesday the 24th. in Order to Treat his Guests, on the following Thursday Morning, upon which Day, all Customers should be Free to Feast their Bellies, and you're Welcome Gentlemen; so that he as yet had only seen it Raw, an Account of which he gave us in a Witty Dialect, after a Comical manner, which I will Endeavour to Imitate, in hopes to Divert the Reader.

Gentlemen, says he, *I have seen such a Sight to day, would make a Spaniard change his Pace, and turn his Stately Steps into a Dog-Trot, to run after it; or make a Dutchman in surprise, pluck his Hands out of his Pockets, and hold 'em up, like an Englishman going to be Hang'd, to Praise the God of Plenty for Blessing his greedy Eyes with so wonderful a Feast, or put a French-man into as great Amazement, as the Snow did the Bantum Embassador, and make his whole Body move with admiration, like a German piece of Clock-work.* And, Pray Sir, says a Grave Gentleman, that sat by, *What would it make an English-man do, Nothing? Yes Sir, answered the other, it would make an English-man Whet his Knife, if it were Drest, and fall on without Grace, and Stuff his Belly till it was as hard as a Foot-Ball, before he would Rise from the Table.* But, Sir, says the Old Gentleman, *You'll forget, I am afraid, to tell us what it was; we want to know that, Sir.* Why, Sir, says he, *Then I'll tell you, It was a piece of Roasting Beef, but of such an extraordinary Size, that Ten Men might Ride upon't, without Incommoding themselves any other Way, than by Greasing of their Breeches, and but turn it upon its Back, and it would carry as many People within-side, as a Graves-End-Wherry; it was the whole Length of a Huge, Large, Long, Lincolnshire Ox, Fed up from a Calf, upon all Long Grass, that he might grow the Longer; there were no Scales at the Custom-House big enough to weigh it, but they were forc'd to Drive it down to Wapping in a Cart, and weigh it by an Anchor Smith's Stillyards, where they Weigh their Anchors, to discover the true Weight; it proving, upon exact Computation, to be Four-hundred and Fifteen Pound; which Magnificent Piece of Beef, notwithstanding its Ponderosity, will certainly, on the Day appointed, by some strong Jaw'd Men of the Law be taken up by the Teeth, without the assistance of the Southwark-Sampson, who breaks Carmens Ribs with a Hug, Snaps Cables like a Twine Thred, and draws Dray-Horses upon their Arses, with as much Ease as a Westphalia Hog can Crack a Cocoa-Nut?* But, Pray Sir, says Mr. Inquisitive, *How did they get it Home to the Tavern?* The Gentleman reply'd, *It was Kill'd in Butchers-Hall Lane, and removed from thence, by the Assistance of as many Butchers walking under it, as there are Porters under a Pageant upon my Lord-Mayors-Day; some of the Bloody Fraternity walking before, with their Cleavers mounted on their Shoulders, as so many Maces; and thus Convey'd it Home, in as much Triumph,*

as if it had been a Lord-Mayor, going to Persecute the Bakers; attended with as many Mob, as the Victuallers Corps that Lay in State, when he was carry'd to be Buried with a Drawn Sword upon his Coffin, instead of double Chalk, and Tap-Tub. Pray Sir, said I, Where is this Leviathan of Beef to be Devour'd, that a Man may go view this Gluttonous Prodigy, before the Cooks have mangled it out of all Shape, with their Bucks-Horn Handled Scimitars? Why Sir, says he, At the Kings-Head Tavern at Chancery-Lane-End, where at this time the Honestest Vintner in London Lives; where the best Wine in England is to be Drank, and the stateliest piece of Beef in Christendom, is to be Roasted.

Our Pipes being out, tho' we Imagin'd he might Illustrate the Story, Sir Harry Blunt like, with some few Advantages, yet we Believ'd in the main there was something in it worth our further Inspection. Upon which, we determin'd to Adjourn to the Tavern, where the Gentleman Reported this Extravagant Breakfast was to be Eaten.

Accordingly we Discharg'd our Reckoning, and made our Exit, and being Spurr'd on with the Conceit of this Amusing Whim, as the Gentleman had render'd it, by his Diverting Account, we stumbled along o'er the Pebble Stones, as fast as a Penny-post-man, or a Temple Student with a Bill into the City, to Receive his Quarterage, till we came to the Door of this happy Mansion; which according to the Report we heard, abounded with those Delights, were in other Taverns very difficult to be found: But met with such Crowds in Opposition, Some striving for Entrance, and others for an Exit, that we were forc'd to Struggle as hard for our Admittance, as a couple of be-lated Beaus do to squeeze into the Pit, when the Girl is to Sing a New Bawdy Song, or Dogget in Love for Love, is to Play Son Benjamin; but at last with no small striving we Shot the Entry into a Pav'd Yard, where we waited as Long for a Sight of the Demi-Carcass of the Beast, as a Gentleman in Adversity, does for the Sight of a great Man, when his Business is to Beg a Favour, or put him in Mind of a Promise he never intended to Perform: At last, in the Interchange of Comers and Goers, we slip'd into the Kitchen, where about a Dozen of the most Eminent Jack-Winders in Fleet-street, some in their Night-Caps and White-Aprons; like Heathen Priests going to Kill the Sacrifice; others with their Sweaty Hair ty'd back in a Lint Garter, that it might not hang in their Light, and hinder them in the Performance of the Difficult Task they had undertaken, which was to Spit this Unwieldy Monster, with such Mathematical Judgment, that it should run round by the help of a Turnspit, with as true a Poise, as the Sail of a Windmill in a fresh Gale; after they in Vain had Wounded the Back of Beef in sundry Places, either an Ach-Bone, a Chine-Bone, a Blade-Bone, or a Rib, standing in their Way, still deny'd Entrance to their Massy Weapon; that they Puff'd and Blow'd at their Fruitless Labour, like so many Custom-House Porters, Lifting at a Wooll-Pack; and at last sitting down, like a Jury of Inquest over a Dead Corps, they began to Consult of some new Measures, to force this Stubborn Piece of Mans-Meat, into a Submission of being Roasted: At last one of the Burgeses of the Dripping-Pan starts up, and wisely made this motion, to the rest of the Greazy Brother-hood, My Honest Freinds and Neighbours, since we the Professors of, and Wellwishers to the Noble Art

Art of Cookery, are Assembled together in our proper Element the Kitchen; upon this Solemn Occasion, let us not be Baffled by the Back-Bone of an Ox, but let's stir up our Brains with the Fire-Fork of Understanding, and by the Flame of Reason, give fresh Light to our Judgments, that we may see to Spit this Pack-Saddle of Beef, or the Reflections of the Town will put us all upon the Rack, and every Sawcy Jack, will tumble our Reputation into the Dripping-Pan. I therefore declare my Opinion is, That we forthwith send for my Neighbour Knockdowdy the Smith, and his Man Thump, and by the assistance of them and their Sledges, we may Compleate our Task, in as little time, as a Man may boile an Egg, or melt a Pound of Butter Just as the whole Society of Lick-fingers, had with great Applause very highly approv'd of their Brother Skimpot's Advice, who should Crowd into the Cook's Territories, but a Carpenter Arm'd with a huge Mallet, as if Providence had sent him purposely to their Assistance, who undertook to do more Work with his Wooden Weapon at one Blow, than all the Cholerick Company of Unthinking Bunglers, were able to do with their United Strength without him. This Speech gave 'em fresh Courage, so that every Epicurean's Minion started up as Nimble to his Business, as a Master of Anatomy at Surgeons-Hall to a Dissection, instead of the Spitting, of a Dead Carcass. The Underlings of the Sweating Tribe were appointed to sharpen Broomstaves; the Vintner having that Day broke all the Kent-street Merchants, who came by the Door, that the Handles of their Ware might be Pointed into Skewers for his Beef, and the Broom be bound up into Brushes, not to Sell to his Customers, but to kindle that Montanious Aetna, at which this more astonishing Breakfast, than ever was seen in Heliogabalus's Kitchen, was to be Roasted.

When with the Industry of all the *Culinarian-Crew*, they had made a Thorough-Fare for the Spit, from the Right Buttock of the Beast to the Left Shoulder of the Non-resisting Morfel, such Acclamations of Joy were Belch'd up by the Greasy Undertakers, as would have dash'd a Mob out of Countenance, that Yelp out their Huzza's at a *Gun-Powder-Treason Bonfire*; and he that was chief Leader of the Knights of the *Frying-Pan*, strutted about the Kitchen with his Arms on Kimbo, Puffing and Swelling, like *Drawcan-sir*, in the Rehearsal, after, with his own single Hand, he had Slain a whole Army; Crying out in a Majestical Voice, 'Tis Done! 'tis Done! The Mighty Deed is Done! Which Words were no sooner spoke, but in comes *Raggoe-Raicy*, and after him a Neighbouring Brother Sloven, chief President of the *Slap-Dabs*, who seeing the Noble Duke of *Carnis Bubalina*, trufs'd up to his good Behaviour on a Spit, containing as much Iron as, by Computation, would have made a Sheet Anchor, for one of *Julius Caesar's* first Rates, when the whole Fleet Rid in *Holborn Ditch*, upon his Landing in *London*, fell into such a wonderful Rage, to think they should be slighted, and not have timely Summons to appear at so great a Solemnity, but lose the Reputation of having any thing to do in so remarkable an Adventure in their own proper Business, falling both into a mighty Passion, with the Master of the House, One Vowing Revenge to the Vintners for his Sake, and that he would put no more Sack in his Puddings for a Twelvemonth: The other Swearing for ought he knew, he would use no more Claret in Fish-Sawce, as long as he Liv'd, but would make the Knaves as humble to a Cook, as a Tip-staff is to a Lord-Chief-Justice. If every Brother *Coquus* was but of his

his Mind, for the great Indignity he had put upon the Profession, by Neglecting to Invite, not only two such Neighbours and Customers, but Men so Eminent in the Generation they Live in, for Conquering all difficulties in the Noble Art of *Cookery*; who had Spit so many stately *Chines*, *Barons*, *Sides*, and *Sirloins*, and not to be at the Spitting of his Grace the *Duke*, when they had so just a Title, to be present at the Action: Well, it was such an affront, that if they had him but at Home, in either of their own Kitchens, they would *Roast-him*, and *Toast-him*, and *Tumble-him* about in the *Dripping-Pan*, till they had made him a Greasy Sop, fit for the Devils Eating. Having thus Vented their Passions, they both look'd Bluff upon the Bar, and turn'd out of the House, in as Splenetick an humour, as if a *Sawce-Pan* of *Butter* had run to *Oyl*, the *Venison-Pasty* been over *Bak'd*, or the *Fat* fall'n into the *Fire*.

The chief Operator and his Assistants, who were so very Joyful, they at last had overcome the greatest of their difficulty, like Prudent Artificers, began now to Examine the Truth of their Work, and try whether it was pois'd with that Exactness as was Necessary, for the Ease of the *Turn-spit*; but found, like Notable *Conjurers*, that one Side was just as much too Heavy, by as many Pound as t'other was too Light; which now was no way to be Remedied, but by Chipping and Paring, till they had brought 'em to an Equality; which by that time they had Cut off as many Slivers as amounted to the Weight of about Fifty Pound, was finish'd effectually, with great Gladness and Applause.

Beef-stakes, we now observ'd, were as plenty about House, as Yolks of Eggs in Brewing-time; which Encourag'd us, notwithstanding the Hurry, to sit down in the Kitchen, and take share of the Superfluity, and also over our Flask to take Notice of the divers Humours, and Various Sentiments of the Numerous Spectators, who flock'd in and out, as fast to behold the Novelty, as if it had been the Corps of an Old Woman laid in State, that had Hang'd herself for Love of a Young Fellow of five and twenty. Amongst the rest, in came an Old Gentleman, who look'd as Grave as a *Modern Philosopher* in the Laboratory of an *Alchemist*; and that he might take a more satisfactory Survey of this Uncommon Eatable, which look'd as frightful upon the Spit, as the *Flying-Dragon*, upon St. George's Spear, when he Rescu'd the Damsel from the Teeth and Talons of the furious Monster, after he had fumbled as long in his Pockets, as a *Hypocrite* does to find a Farthing for a Beggar, he at last pulls out his artificial Peepers, which he mounted upon the handle of his Face, that the wonderful Object might be thereby render'd the more Conspicuous to his Sight; round which he walk'd with as much Circumspection, as ever a prying *Virtuoso* did round a Glass *Bee-hive*, to observe how the Winged Labourers work their *Honey-Combs*; telling the *Ribs*, measuring the *Length*, with his Crutch-headed Cane, guessing at the *Weight*, turning up the *Rump*, as the *Monkey* did the *Cats Tale*, when he ran the Spiggot in her *Fundament*, and at last holding up his Hands like a Belly-Saint, Craving a Blessing upon his Food, he broke out into this Joyful Rapture, Look ye, d'ye see, Gentlemen, on the t'other hand, it may be, we are the happiest Nation in the World; for let us but Consider: D'ye hear me, what a Blessing of Providence it is as a Man may say, that such a Glorious Sight as this, that is a Glorious Sight,

I say, is to be seen amongst us, after so long a War; That let me tell you, had it continu'd till now, such a piece of Beef as this, without great Mercy, would have been a much more Graceful Sight than the fattest Alderman in London: Then fell a Laughing at his Jest, till he brought himself into a Fit of the Phthisick, which put a Period to his Learned Oration.

The next Spectator, that was worth our Notice, was a kind of a Captain *Blustre*, who was so Brim full of Oaths, that he run over, like a *Southmark-Ditch* at a Spring-Tide; and I am apt to believe, were his Bottom to be fathom'd, he would prove as Filthy. *Why the Pox*, says he, to one of the Drawers, *Was your Master such a Fool to have the Head Cut off, which would have been so great a Grace to your Pack-Saddle Monster, that I'll warrant you, there's never a Cuckold about Town, but what would have had a Peep at him? The reason Sir*, says the Drawer, *That my Master had it Cut off was, Because the Range is not long enough to Roast it.* *Cats Nouns*, says the Gentleman, *your Cooks are all Blockheads, for they might have trust it as short with the Head on, as tis now without it.* *How Sir?* says the Master of the Roast, with great Indignation, *I have been a Student in the Art of Cookery, above this Twenty Years, and I do affirm Sir, that what you say is Impossible.* Then I do say, reply'd the Gentleman, *That thou art a meer Cods-head of a Cook, and I can tell thee which way it may be done presently, if the Head had been on.* *I'll hold you Sir*, says the Cook, *The Price of the Beef, to a Pound of Kitchen-stuff, if the Head had been on, it must have requir'd so much the Longer Fire to have Roasted it.* *No, no*, says the Gentleman, *it had been but Joynting the Neck, and you might have brought the Head round, and have stuck one of the Horns thro' the Body, as you do the Bill of a Wood-Cock; what think you of that, Domine Coquus?* *Efaith Master*, says he, *I did not think of that; now you have put it in my Head, I don't question but I could have done it; but what should we have done with the Horn, that was next to the Fire?* *For that*, says he, *would have hung upon the Range, and have stop'd the going of the Meat.* *That*, says the Gentleman, *I Design for the Cook's Fees.* At which, the Company fell into a Laughter, which kindled such a Fire in the Cook's Countenance, that his Looks were almost sufficient to have Scalded all the Company out of the Kitchen.

By this time we had Eat a Stake, and Drunk up our Flask of Wine, and being quite tired with the Cook's Clutter, the Confusion of Tongues, the Hurry of the House, and other Inconveniences, that always attend such Publick Novelties: We adjourn'd to our own Homes, in order to dispatch some Domeftick Business, which with reposing Nature, took us up our time, till *Thursday* Morning, upon which day this Liberal Entertainment was to be in a Roasted Readiness to Oblige the Guests.

When the Morning came, my Friend and I, having a great desire to discover what an Attractive Influence, such a Magnificent Piece of Beef, had upon the Good Stomachs of this Town, we resolv'd not to lose the Opportunity of Gratifying our Pallats, as well as Feasting our Eyes, and come in for our share of the Benefit, as well as the rest of the Town Epicures; and that we might also the better inform our selves, how the Whim took amongst those Tipling Gudgeons, for whom the alluring Bait was in chief design'd. When we came to the Door, we had more difficulty to get Admittance, then we had before; for as many

People were Crowding to see it at the Fire, as there were to see the Ox Roasted upon the Ice. When we had squees'd side-ways thro' the Entry, with as much Pains as a Fat Man takes to shove his Guts thro' a narrow *Turn-stile*, we got into the Yard, where such a Litter of Drawers were scampering from *Cellar* to *Bar*, and from *Bar* to *Company*, that it was difficult to believe, the whole House could have entertain'd Guests sufficient to have requir'd such a Number of Attendance; as many Bells rattling at a time, as o'er a *Green-Birds-Cage*, when the Feather'd *Animal* (tho' it hates a *Cat*) Rings *Whittington*; the Servants all Puffing and Blowing like Grey-hounds after a Course, sweating like a Couple of Chairmen in the *Dog-Days*, who had just set down a Bulky Nobleman. The Kitchen being now as hot as *Guinea* at Noon-day, we concluded there we should be best Attended, being near the *Bar*, and the least incommoded for want of Room, could we but reconcile our Bodies to the extraordinary Heat, which we thought we could more easily endure, than many other Inconveniences we should have found elsewhere. Accordingly, we ventur'd into the Kitchen, which at first Entrance, seem'd hot enough to have Bak'd a *Custard* in the middle of it, but seating our selves at a convenient distance from the Fire, and where we drew in a little Cool Breath at a Back-Door, we found our selves well settled in a pretty moderate Climate: The poor Carcase of the Beast was by this time so Lamentably Mangled by the Cuts and Slashes of the broiling Carvers, that had Sir *Courtly Nice*, or my Lady *Squeamish*, been to have taken a View of the Roasting Rarity, they would scarce have Long'd to have been Partakers of the Feast; for the Shoulders and the Ribs were soon stripp'd as bare of their flesh as if the *Tower-Lyons*, or the *Tygar*, had been just at Breakfast on't; and the Buttock, and more fleshy Parts, were Cut and Digg'd so full of holes and furrows, that it look'd as Disfigur'd, as the Carcase of a Goose, after a couple of Tunbelly'd *Church-Wardens* have had the Picking on't: Yet the Poor *Anatomy* Cock'd his Tail, as he ran round upon the Spit, like *Ralph's Dobbin* in a full Gallop; the Turn-spit so discolour'd with Sweat, Soot, Smoak and Ashes, that both him and his Cookery look'd as if one Devil was Roasting of another, letting fall so fast their greazy Tears, as if there was an Emulation between both, who should afford the most Dripping, the Cook and his Attendants were so very busie about the Carcase of the Beast, that every Round it took, it was at least two or three Pound the lighter.

By this time a Generous Plateful of the Good Creature was brought as a Present to my Friend and I, with all the rest of the Appurtenances at once, without the Trouble of Calling; which encouraged our Appetites, and gave us a better Liking to our Treat; which in Justice I must say, according to the old English way of praising Beef, was as *Rich, Fat, Young, Well-fed, Delicious Meat*, as ever was taken into the Mouth, masticated between the Teeth, and swallow'd into the Belly of a true English-man. By that time we had made an end of our Plentiful Commons, the Bones of the whole Carcass were pair'd as clean as the sharp whetted Weapons of the Blunt Dissectors could well Pick 'em, insomuch that the Vintner found himself, under a Necessity of sending for two *Barrons* more, or half his Guests would have been disappointed of their Breakfast. For the *Templers* whose Business call'd them to *Westminster*, omitted their Accustomary Eating of *Roast-Beef* in *Hell*, and came Roaring in Crowds with

with such Devilish Stomachs, which the Exercise of their Lungs in the Hall, had made as insatiate as their Consciences; their Tongues, as fast as they came in, Pleading so very hard in the behalf of their Bellies, that nothing was heard but *Beef, Beef, Beef*, Threatening to Run all to the Devil presently, if the Master did not retain 'em speedily, by greasing their Stomachs as well as their Hands, with a Present of his Fat Opsonium, which he Promised 'em to do with all imaginable Expedition, and so Pacified 'em with good Words, till the next was Roasted. Having now well freighted the Hold of our Vessels, with excellent Food, and delicious Wine, at a small Expence, we Scribled these following Lines with Chalk upon the Wall, so took our Departure from thence, and steer'd our Course to a more Temperate Climate.

*To Speak but the Truth, of my Honest Friend Ned,
The best of all Vintners that ever God made;
He's free of his Beef, and as free of his Bread,
And Washes both down with a Glass of rare Red,
That Tops all the Town, and Commands a good Trade.
Such Wine that will chear up the Drooping Kings-Head;
And brisk up the Soul, tho' our Body's half Dead,
He Scorns to Draw Bad, as he hopes to be Paid:
And now his Name's up, he may e'en lye a Bed;
For he'll get an Estate, there's no more to be Said.*

Considering Coffee to be a Liquor that fits most easie upon Wine, we thought it our best way to Check the aspiring Fumes of the most Christian Juice by an *Antichristian-Dose* of Mahometan Loblolly, and to hear what News the Grizly Trumpeters of Fame's Reports, had rak'd up together from Credulous Noddies; Who hear without *Attention*, believe without *Reason*, and affirm without *Probabillity*. Accordingly we went into a great *Coffee-House* by the *Temple-Gate*, where a parcel of Grave Men, were thickening the Air with the Fumes of their *Nicotianian Weed*; we sat down amongst the rest of 'em, most of the Company, we observ'd, being as choice of their Words, as a Miser is of his Treasure; each seeming as loth to open his Mouth, as the other is his Cabinet, which made me think they had either something extraordinary in 'em, that they lock'd up in *Pythagorian Silence*; or else, that they were a parcel of Cunning Fools, who having a Sense of their Infirmities, were unwilling by their talking to discover their Ignorance: At last comes in an old *News-Hound*, who in Hunting after Intelligence, was at a great Loss, and enquir'd of the rest, if any stragling News had come that way. *News*, reply'd, a Jolly Red-Fac'd old Toper, *We have News enough, I think, to Comfort the Hearts of the whole City in the Days of Affliction: We may Remember when the Government of our Metropolis was fallen into the Hands of the Double-Refin'd Christians, the Honour of the City and the Grandure of the Mayoralty dwindled into the very Socket of Dissention, which extinguish'd the Ancient Glories of our Noble Town, and made 'em appear but a meer Snuff half drown'd in the Tallow of Hypocrisie; but since Providence has restor'd the Church to the Chair, We see every succeeding Lord-Mayor gives us greater Instances of a General Regard to the publick Wellfare; who instead of the Severe Execution of the Laws upon poor Wretches, who are already by their Miseries made the Objects of Pity, rather than of Punishment, extend their Charity to the Release-*
ment,

ment, as well as Relief, of Prisoners; and give Succour to the Distressed, Fatherless and Widdows, instead of Uncharitable Confinement, and Unreasonable Correction, to those Poor Mendicants, who have not above Nine-pence or Twelve-pence a Week from the Parish, without Begging, to keep 'em from Starving. Besides, says he, Authority we see rightly given into the Hands of those Persons who have just Title to Receive and Execute the same, by being truly Qualified as the Laws require; prevent the Ignorant from Dissenting from the Church, and Alienating their Obedience from the true Worship of God, as well as from their Sovereign Princes, which Power given into the Hands of Dissenting Magistrates, have at all times Encourag'd: When the Sword was carry'd to the Meeting-house, how Empty were the Churches, and Numerous the Congregations of the Saints? But since the Magistracy of the City is given on the Right-side, who much better deserve it, the Churches are every where as full, as if true Christianity of Late, by the Industry of our Clergy, and Care of our Magistrates, had been greatly Advanc'd; and the Assemblies of the Over-Righteous, are grown so very thin, that it is verily Believ'd, if things succeed as they begin, the Dancing-Masters about this Town may in a little-time have Choice of Good Schools, at more Reasonable Rates than ever: And that I think, Boys, is much better News, than to see Paul's Church as Empty as a Saturday's Change, and the Meeting-House as full as Westminster-Hall in an Issuable Term. Most of the Company agreeing rightly with the Old Gentlemans Sentiments, applauded him highly for expressing his Affections to the Establish'd Church. This serious Speech of the old Cavalier's, was a Key to the Hearts of all the rest, who began, after one had open'd, like a Pack of true Beagles at full Cry, to hunt down the Churches Enemies with all imaginable Speed; all expressing so venerable a Character of the Present Lord-Mayor, that few Magistrates have deserv'd, and scarce any Enjoy'd; so highly extolling him for his great Charity towards the poor Prisoners, and many other Commendable Acts of Hospitality; which has deservedly rais'd him to so high an Esteem among all Good Christians, that if no Mismanagement of his own, nor Calumny thrown by the Hands of Envy, shall futurely fully his present Reputation, when he resigns his Office he will leave behind him so worthy a Pattern of Authority, that will be a Puzzling Task for his Successors, tho' brave Men, to Imitate.

*If any shall say, Want of Manners, or Sense,
Have made me this Caution intrude;
I justly may urge, to excuse the Offence,
To be Moral, is not to be Rude.*

*Who-ever to Popular Praises aspire,
Must do't by much Trouble and Cost;
Tho' a very Good Name is so hard to acquire,
Yet nothing's so easily Lost.
The Turns and the Changes of Fame and of Fate,
To no Mortal Power Fore-knownn,
May raise us to Day, by Good-means, to be Great,
Yet to Morrow may tumble us down.
May therefore your Prudence and Conduct be such,
To add New Applause to your Name;
And raise such Esteem, that no Envy can touch,
Or Malice deservedly blame.*

Having

Having now wasted our time till about Nine at Night, we thought it a reasonable Hour to take leave of the *Coffee-house*, and repair to our own Lodgings, where my Business engag'd me to continue close, till the Triumphs of the City call'd me to make one of the Innumerable Multitude of Gaping Spectators. When the Morning came, that my *Lord-Mayor* and his Attendants were to take their Amphibeous Journey to *Westminster-Hall*, where his *Lordship* according to the Custom of his Ancestors, was by a Kiss of *Calves-Leather*, to make a fair promise to his Majesty, I equip'd my Carcase in order to bear with little Dammage, the Huffsles and Affronts, of the Mannerly *Mobility*, of whose wild Pastimes and unlucky Attacks, I had no little Apprehension; and when my Friend and I, had thus carefully Shelter'd our selves under our Ancient Drabdeberries, against their dirty Assaults, we ventur'd to move towards *Cheap-side*, where I thought the Triumphs would be most Visible, and the Rabble most Rude, looking upon the Mad Frolicks and Whimsies of the Latter, to be altogether as Diverting, (provided a Man takes Care of the Danger) as the Solemn Grandure and Gravity of the Former. When I came to the End of *Blow-Bladder-Street*, I saw such a Crowd before my Eyes, that I could scarce forbear thinking the very Stones of the Street, by the Harmony of their *Drums* and *Trumpets*, were Metamorphos'd into *Men*, *Women*, and *Children*; the Ballconies, were hung with old *Tapstery*, and *Turky-work Table-Cloaths*, for the cleanly Leaning of the Ladies, with whom they were chiefly fill'd, which the Mob had soon Pelted into so Dirty a Condition, with their Kennel Amunition, that some of them look'd as Nasty, as the Cover-Cloth of a *Led-Horse*, that had Travel'd from *St. Margates* to *London*, in the midst of *Winter*; the Ladies at every Volley quitting their Post, and Retreating into their Dining Roomes, as Safer Garisons to defend them from the Assaults of their Mischevious Enemies, some Freting at their Daub'd Scarfs, like a Godly old Woman that had dropt her Bible in the Dirt, Sing'd her *High-Crown'd-Hat*, or broke her *Spectacles*; others wiping their New *Com-modes*, which they had bought on purpose to Honour his *Lordship*, expressing as much Anger in their Looks, as a disappointed *Bride*, or a *Dutch House-Wife*, when an *Englishman* has blow'd his Nose in her Parlour, the Windows of each House, from the Top to the Bottom, being stuff'd with Heads, Pil'd one upon another, like Skulls in a *Charnel House*, all gazing at the Lobcocks in their Coney-Skin Pontificallibusses, with as much Intention, as if an *Indian Prophetess* had been Riding thro' the City, upon the back of a *Tygar*. Whilst my Friend and I were thus staring at the Spectators much more than the Show, the Pageants were advanc'd within our View, and such a Tide of Mob overflow'd the Place we stood in, that the Women cry'd out for Room, the Children for Breath, and every Man, whether Citizen or Forreigner, strove very hard for his Freedom; for my own part, I thought my Intrails would have come out of my Mouth, and I should have gone shotten Home, I was so closely Imprison'd betwen the Bums and Bellies of the Multitude, that I was almost squeez'd as flat as a Napkin in a Press, and would have joyn'd with the Rabble with all my Heart, to have cry'd *Liberty, Liberty*. In this Pageant was a fellow, Riding a Cock-horse upon a *Lyon*, but without either *Boots* or *Spurs*; as if intended by the Projector, to show how the Citizens Ride to *Epsome* on a *Saturday-Night*, to bear their Wives Company till *Monday Morning*,

Or else to let the Hen-peck'd Cuckolds know,
A *Lyon's Tam'd* more easie than a Shrow.

At the Base of the Pedestal were seated four Figures, representing, according to my most Rational Conjecture, the four principal *Vices* of the City, viz. *Fraud*, *Usury*, seeming *Sanctity* and *Hypocrisie*: As soon as this was past, the Industrious Rabble, who hate Idleness, had procur'd a dead Cat, whose wreaking Puddings hung dangling from her torn Belly, cover'd all-over with *Dirt*, *Blood* and *Nastiness*, in which pickle she was handed about by the Babes of Grace, as an innocent Diversion; every now and then being toss'd into the Face of some gaping Booby or other; and made him look of as delicate a Complection, as if his Cheeks had been Painted between a *Tom-T—Man* and a *Chimney-Sweeper*. By that time this sport had gone a little about, Crying out no *Squibs*, no *Squibs*; another Pageant approach'd us, wherein an old Fellow sat in a Blue Gown, dress'd up like a Countrey *School-Master*, only he was Arm'd with a *Sytbe* instead of a *Burch Rod*, by which I understood this figure represented *Time*, which was design'd, as I suppose, to put the City in mind how apt they are to abuse the old Gentleman, and not dispose him to such Good Uses as the Laws of God, and the Laws of Man require, but trifle their time away, in those three Vanities, which were represented by the three Figures, under the Dome, viz. *False-hood*, *Pride*, and *Incontinency*, which are chiefly owing to the other four Figures, at the Angles, representing, as I suppose, the Cities *Imprudence*, *Impatience*, *Intemperance*, and *Inhumanity*; when this Pageant was pass'd, the Ingenious Rabble, had got a Leathern Apron, which they tyed full of *Sirreverence*, as hard as a *Foot-Ball*, and afterwards prick'd it full of Holes with a *Taylor's Bodkin*, then slung it from one to another, it spewing it's Excrement thro' the Holes, upon every Body it met with; the Mob, crying out, when it had hit any Body, All *Honey*, all *Honey*. By that time the *Plebeian* Gentry, had Diverted themselves about a Quarter of an Hour with this their Odoriferous *Sweet-Bag*, A third Pageant was advanc'd forward, which appear'd to the Sight much Richer than the rest, the chief Figure in it, Representing, as I imagin'd, a Lady of Pleasure, being Drest in much Costlier Robes, than the other Female Representatives; which may serve to let the City know, that *Whores* in this Wicked Age, to the great Dishonour of Vertue, wear richer Apparel at the Expence of their Keepers than Honest Women, and those three Maides that attend her, as her Servants, signifie the *Pride* of a *Concubine*, who will not be Content without three Servants, when the Lawfull Wife perhaps must be glad of one; and those four Figures that are plac'd Beneath the rest, signifie the sad Calamities, that attend the Conversation of Lewd Women, viz. *Pox*, *Poverty*, *Shame*, and the *Gallows*. This Pageant is chiefly Dedicated to the *London-Prentices*, at the Charge of the Society for Reformation.

In every Interval between Pageant and Pageant, the Mob had still a new Project to put on Foot. By this time they had got a piece of Cloath, of a Yard or more Square, this they dip'd in the Kennel, till they had made it fit for their purpose, then toss'd it about, it expanding it self in the Air, and falling upon the Heads of two or three at once, made 'em Look like so many *Bearers* under a *Pall*, every one Lugging a several way to get it off his Head, oftentimes falling together by the Eares about plucking off their *Cover-slut*. By that time fourty or fifty of the heedless Spectators, were made as Dirty as so many *Scavengers*, the fourth Pageant was come up, which was a most Stately Rich and Noble *Chariot*, made of *Slit-Deal* and *Past-Board*, and in it sitting a Woman Representing (as I Fancy) the *Whore* of *Babylon*, drawn by two *Goats*, signifying her Lust; and upon the Backes of them two Figures, Representing *Jealousie* and *Revenge*, her Attendance Importing the Miseries that follow her; and the *Kittle-Drums* and *Trumpets* serve to show that where so e'er she comes, 'tis with *Terrour* and *Amazement*.

The Rabble having Chang'd their Sport, to a new Scene of Unluckiness, had got a *Bullocks-Horn*, which they fill'd with Kennel-water, and pour'd it down Peoples Necks and into their Pockets, that it Run down their Legs into their Shooes, the Ignorant Sufferers not readily Discovering from whence the Wet came. When they had Exercis'd this new Invention about a quarter of an Hour, the Fifth Pageant mov'd forward, wherein all sorts of Trades were Represented; a Man working a *Tobacco Engine*, as if he was Cutting of *Tobacco*, but often did not; a Woman Turning of a Wheel as if she *Spun*, but did not; a Boy, as if he was Dressing of an Old Womans *Hat*, but was not; which was design'd, as I suppose to reflect upon the *Frauds* and *Failings* of the City Traders, and show that they often pretend to do what they donot, and to be what they are not, and will Say what they Think not, and Think what they Say not, and that the World may See, there are Cheats in all Trades.

*The Bulky Cits March'd after in a Throng,
Huzza'd by th' Mob, as Drum'd and Pip'd along;
Whilst Wise Spectators do their Pomp Disdain,
And with Contempt, behold the Dragling Train*

The End of the First Volume.

The CONTENTS of the Twelve Parts of the First Volume of the LONDON-SPY.

The Contents of the First Part.

T HE Introduction and Design	Page 1, 2.
A Tavern Bar-Keeper and Drawers describ'd	p. 4.
How the Spy was entertain'd at Dinner among a parcel of Blades of the Town, with the manner of it	p. 4, 5.
A Sword-Hilt-Maker turn'd a Cutter of Medals and Stamps, describ'd	p. 6.
A Wine-Cooper turn'd Stallion, describ'd	ibid.
A Pretender to Antiquity describ'd	ibid.
A High-Way-Man, under the disguise of a Disbanded Officer, describ'd	p. 7.
A Town-Trap and Sweetener describ'd, with his Wench	p. 7, 8.
A Coffee-House describ'd	p. 8.
The Character of a Vertuosa	p. 9.
Observations on Mens growing Rich by burying of Wives, with Reflections on some Apothecaries	p. 10.
Character of a certain Bookseller	ibid.
Character of the East-India-Company	p. 11.
A Story of a Person of Quality who courted a Poor Woman who sold Earthen Ware, and had 40000 Pounds left her by her Relations	ibid.
A Poet's Song against Musick	12
A Song by a Musician against Poetry	p. 13
A Copy of Verses to a Lady, with her Answer	p. 14.
The Mad-Man's Flight: Writ by a Bedlamite	p. 15, 16

The Contents of the Second Part.

R emarks upon the Salt-Peter-Houses near Islington,	Page 6.
Observations on Head-Dresser's Shops	ibid.
The Widow's Coffee-House describ'd, with its Furniture and Guests	p. 6, 7.
A couple of Filts describ'd	p. 8.
Flogging Cullies, what they are	p. 9.
Of a Child found in a Basket, and a Constables Learned Speech upon that occasion	p. 10.
The City-Waits describ'd	p. 11.
The City-Black-Guards describ'd	ibid.
A description of a Constable going the Rounds with his Watch	p. 12, 13
The Dark-House at Billingsgate describ'd; with the Diverting Conversation of the Fish-women, Seamen, and others	p. 15, 16
Of an Exchange-Commodity-Broker, and what Fortunes he had at his disposal.	p. 16.

The Contents of the Third Part.

T HE Description of their Bed-Chamber at the Dark-House, and its Furniture	Page 3.
How the Spy went to Billingsgate, and his Mistake	p. 4.
Billingsgate-Market describ'd	ibid.
The Spy goes to the Custom-House-Key, and there gives a Character of a Land-Waiter, and a Merchant's Man, &c.	p. 5.
Of a Man that from sweeping a Wharf got a good Estate	p. ibid.
Pig-Hill describ'd, with the manner of the Cooks Dressing their Pigs there.	
The Monument survey'd, with Observat. thereon	p. 7.
Observations upon the London-Quest	p. 8.
Wife-Acres-Hall, alias Gresham-Colledge, describ'd; with an Account of the Rarities therein	p. 9.
The Character of a Peripaterick	ibid.
The Character of a certain Member of the Royal Society	p. 10.
The Spy gives a Description of Bedlam, and of his Conversation with several of the Mad Folks there	p. 10, 11, 12, 13.

Remarks upon the Royal Exchange: The Costermongers at the Entrance describ'd	p. 13.
The Merchants in their several Walks describ'd,	p. 14.
Of a Grecian that sells Amber Necklaces	p. 15.
Honour and Glory, his Original	ibid.
Of a Deform'd Man, with a handsome Wife,	p. 19.
Of the Lord Mayor's Court, and the Office of Intelligence, &c.	ibid.
A Description of the Exchange above Stairs, with Chaucer's Character of a Sempstress.	ibid.

The Contents of the Fourth Part.

T HE Spy and his Friend goes to a Quaker's Tavern in Finch-Lane, which he describes, and shews the Quakers Method of Drinking; and recites a Song sung by his Friend there; A Character of the Vintner, his Use of Reproof, and how they left the Tavern	Page 3, 4, 5, 6.
How the Spy and his Friend went to the Angel in Fanchurch-street, from whence they were committed to the Poultry Compter; Which the Spy describes, and gives a large account of the Diversion they met with whilst they staid there. Then shews how they were carry'd before, a Justice and there Examind and Discharg'd. With a Poetical Curse to the Constable	From p. 6. to 12.
Remarks upon Bow Church and the steeple	p. 13.
Upon the Giants in Guild-Hall	ibid.
Upon the Sheriffs Court	ibid.
Upon the Court of Conscience	p. 14.
Upon the Pictures of the Judges	ibid.
Upon an Old Man with a great Nose	p. 15.
Upon a Man that goes half Naked	ibid.
Upon one in St. Pauls Church-yard.	p. 16.

The Contents of the Fifth Part.

R emarks upon a Picture-Shop	Page 3.
Upon a Musick-Shop	p. 4.
Upon a blind Ballad-Singer	ibid.
Upon St. Paul's Church	ibid.
A Story of a Little Carpenter	p. 5.
A Gentleman's Answer to one that admir'd a fine Lady for her Patches	ibid.
Remarks upon the working of the Labourers at St. Paul's	ibid.
Upon the late Fire at St. Paul's, and what Use Dissenters make of it	ibid.
Of the Beauty, Splendor, and Magnificency of the Quire at St. Paul's	p. 6.
A Country-man's Observations upon the Church,	ibid.
Remarks upon the People walking there	p. 7.
A Description of the Woollen-Drapers Prentices,	p. 8.
Remarks upon the Prerogative Office, with Observations upon Heraldry, &c.	ibid.
Remarks upon a Popular Weaste, &c.	ibid.
Upon the Ecclesiastical Courts and Doctor's Commons	p. 9.
Upon Ludgate, the Sessions-House in the Old Baily, and Newgate	ibid.
The Spy and his Friend going into Smithfield, he describes the Cooks in Pye-Corner	p. 10.
Remarks on the Welsh Runts and Scotch Carrion sold in Smithfield	ibid.
The Spy and his Friend go to the Crown Tavern at Duck-Lane End in Smithfield, of which he gives a Description, and tells the Generous Treatment he found there; with a Copy of Verses, &c.	p. 12.
Remarks upon the Serjeants that ply at Cloth-Fair-Gate in Smithfield.	p. 13.
The Spy and his Friend go to Long-Lane, and shews how he was us'd by the Salesmen there; whom he describes, and curses in Verse	p. 14.
Remarks	

Remarks on the *Bear and Ragged Staff*, with a parcel of *Hog-Drivers* *ibid.*
 Remarks upon the *Sheep-Pens* *p. 15*
 His Visit to the *Lame Hospital* and the *Blew-Coat Boys*, with Remarks thereupon *p. 16*

The Contents of the Sixth Part.

The *Spy* and his *Friend* visit the *Colledge of Physicians*, which he describes, and makes several Observations thereupon *Page 3, 4, 5*
 Remarks upon two *Town Bullies* he met on *Ludgate-Hill* *ibid.*
 The Humours of *Fleet-Bridge* describ'd *p. 6*
 The Learned Speech of a *Horse-Mountebank* to the Mob at *Fleet-Bridge* *p. 6, 7, 8*
 Remarks thereupon, with the Character of a *Quack*, in Verse *p. 8, 9*
 Remarks upon *Fleet Ditch* *ibid.*
 The *Spy* and his *Friend* visit *Bridewell*, which he describes; with a relation of the miserable case of a ghastly Skeleton he found there: With what Discourse he heard from the Criminals *p. 9, 10, 11*
 The manner of trying Criminals there, with his Reasons why the Correction given there to young Women, is no proper way to reform 'em *p. 11, 12*
 A Copy of Verses upon the Antient and Modern state of *Bridewell* *p. 13*
 The *Spy* and his *Friend* take a Ramble to *Mob's Hole* in *Essex*, to the Hunters Feast, which he describes at large, with the humors of the Guests *p. 14, 15, 16*

The Contents of the Seventh Part.

The *Spy* gives an account of his Return from *Mob's Hole*, and how he lik'd riding in a Coach, with Remarks thereupon *Page 3*
 He relates the Diversion he met with on the *Thames*, with Remarks on the *Play-House* in *Dorset-Garden*, and the Inhabitants of *Salisbury-Court*, *p. 4, 5, 6*
 He describes a famous *Tobacco-Shop* in *Fleetstreet*, and the Guests he found there *p. 6, 7*
 Remarks with a Poem upon *White-Fryars* *p. 7, 8, 9*
 He goes into the *Temple*, and describes the Gamesters sharking pretended Solicitors, and other Sharpers that he saw there; With Remarks on the Motto of a Sun-Dial, and a Song thereupon, &c. *p. 9, 10, 14*
May-Fair describ'd, with Remarks thereon *p. 15, 16*

The Contents of the Eighth Part.

The *Spy* and his *Friend* go to *St. James's*, and tells the Opinion of an *Irish Dear Joy* upon the Whale's Rib there. *Page 3*
 He describes the Park, and the Ladies of the Court, with a Copy of Verses upon Woman *p. 4, 5*
 Remarks upon *Duke Humphry's Walk*, the *Parade*, the *Canal*, and the Statue of the *Gladiator* *p. 5, 6*
 A further Description of the *Park*, with a Country-Man's Observations *p. 7*
 An *Acrostick* upon *St. James's Park* *p. 7, 8*
Westminster-Abbey describ'd *p. 8, 9*
 A Company of *Westminster Train-Bands* describ'd, with *Westminster-Hall*, and the Courts of Justice there; with the Character of a *Pettifogger*, *p. 9 to 13*
 A Story of the great Bell at *Westminster*, *p. 14*
 Remarks upon the *Tennis-Court* at *Whitehal*, and the Ruines there, with the Character of a Foot-Soldier *From p. 14. to 16*

The Contents of the Ninth Part.

The *Spy* seeing the *Admiralty-Office*, and being inquisitive about it, is diverted with a Story, *p. 3*
Man's Coffee-House describ'd, with the Humours of the *Beaut* he found there with a Copy of Verses thereon *p. 4, 5, 6, 7*
 Remarks upon a Squadron of the *Horse-Guards* *ibid.*
 The *Spy* and his *Friend* go to a famous *Cobler* at *Charing-Cross*, and what happened there *p. 8, 9*

On the Fifth of December next, will be Publish'd the First Part of the Second Volume of The London Spy, to be Contin'd Monthly.

Remarks upon the Statue of King *Charles the First* on Horse-Back, with a Copy of Verses on that Unhappy Prince *p. 9.*
 Remarks upon *Northumberland-House* *p. 10*
 Remarks upon the *New Exchange*, and the Fine Ladies and other Commodities expos'd to Sale there, with their Shop-Language turn'd into a Song *p. 11*
 Remarks upon the Devotion of the *Covent-Garden-Ladies*, &c. *p. 12*
 Remarks upon *Covent-Garden Market* *ibid.*
 The *Spy* and his *Friend* go to the *Hummums* to Sweat, where he describes the manner of the Operation there; repeating several diverting Stories with which the Rubber entertain'd 'em *p. 14 to 16*

The Contents of the Tenth Part.

From the *Hummums* the *Spy* and his *Friend* go to the *Wits Coffee-House*, and describes the Conversation of the Criticks there; with their several Characters of the chief *Modern Poets* *p. 4, 5*
 The Character of a *Modern Critick* *p. 6*
 The Second-Rate *Wits* and *Beaus* at the *Wits Coffee-House*, describ'd *p. 6*
 A Poetical Letter from a *Lawyer* in Town, to a New Married Officer in the Countrey *p. 7, to 10*
 Remarks upon the *Players* in *Drury Lane* *p. 10*
 The *Spy* and his *Friend* go to *Bartholomew-Fair*, where he describes the *Players* in all their Accomterments, as they are upon the *Parade* in their Balconies, with their insipp'd Entertainment given to the Mob by the *Merry Andrews*. He goes to see the Dancing of the Ropes, which he describes at large; and from thence goes into a *Droll*, to see the Devil of a Wife; with his Remarks thereupon *p. 10, to 15*
 Remarks upon the *Cooks* in *Pye-Corner* in *Bartholomew-Fair* time *p. 16*

The Contents of the Eleventh Part

The *Spy* gives a further Description of *Bartholomew Fair*, and shews what befel him for his kindness to a Female in the Crowd *Page 3*
 He goes to see another *Droll*, call'd *Friar Bacon*, describing the chief Actors, and shewing the Moral of the Play *p. 5, 6*
 Remarks upon the *Wax-Work Show* at the *Hospital Gate*, with the witty Repartee of a Country-Bumpkin to a Gentlewoman there *p. 6*
 He goes into a *Musick-Booth*, which he describes at large, with the several Humours there *p. 7, to 11*
 Remarks upon the *Flying-Boats* *p. 12*
 The Humours of the *Lame Hospital* in *Bartholomew Fair* time, with the Repartee of a Lady to a Red-fac'd Gentleman there *p. 13*
 Remarks upon *Raffling*, *Gaming*, *Lotteries*, &c. *p. 14*
 A Discourse between two Pensioners of the *Charter-House* about their Grievances *p. 15*
 Remarks upon the late Eclipse of the Sun, with the wonderful Observations thereupon of a *Vintner* behind the *Exchange*, and an *Upholster* in *Cornhil*; With the Judgment of a famous *Astrologer* upon the same *p. 16*

The Contents of the Twelfth Part

A Famous *Coffee-House* in *Aldersgatestreet* describ'd; and how he engag'd with an *Auctioneer* there *Page 3, 4*
 A wonderful Relation of a Pleasant Gentleman at the same Place *p. 6*
 The *Spy* and his *Friend* go to the *King's Head Tavern* at *Chancery-Lane End*, and describes the Spitting, Roasting and Eating of a whole Side of an Ox there, with a Copy of Verses to the *Vintner* *p. 6, to 12*
 A Description of the *City Triumphs* on the Lord Mayor's Day. *p. 13, 14.*